Laugh with Pink Panther on page seven.

TV COMIC

9d

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

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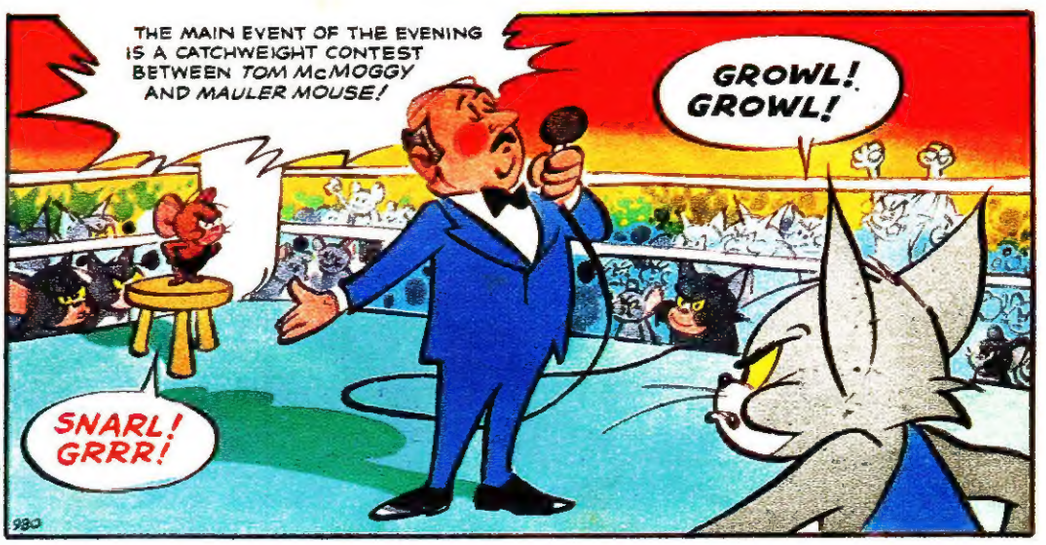
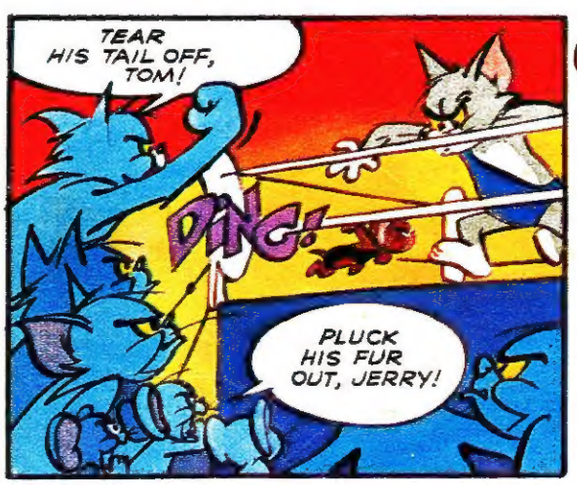
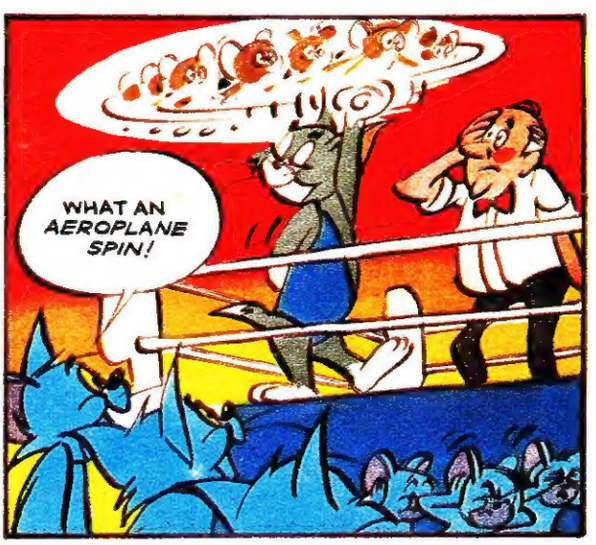
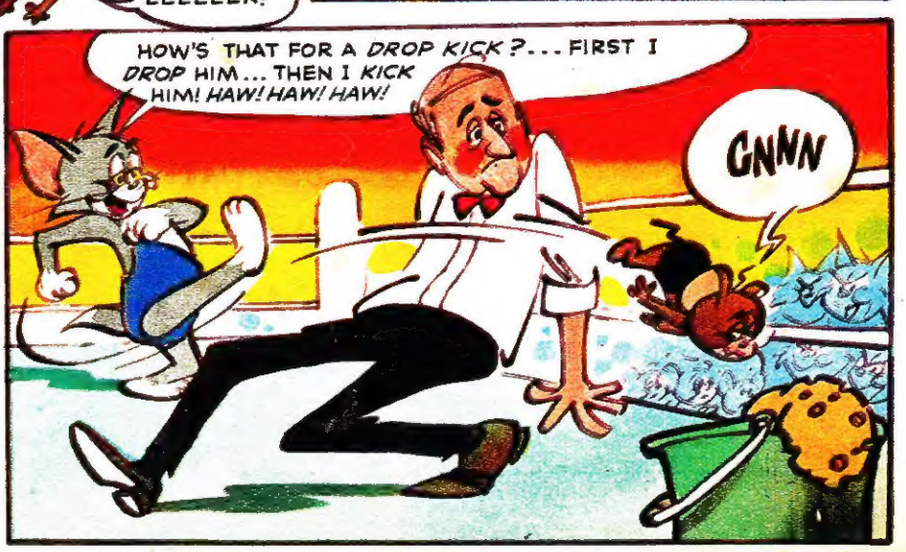
TOM and JERRY









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'Hold-on' for laughs on page 2.

SPLOSH!
HE'S WASHED UP! HUR! HUR!
980
BUT.
BRRR! THAT WATER WAS COLD... IT'S WOKEN ME RIGHT UP!
BUT TOM WADES IN WITH A THROAT CHOP...
TAKE THAT!
CHOP!
OOPH!
BUTT!!
WHEEZE!
TUMBLING!
GROAN!
HE'S GOING TO COLLAPSE! HE'S TOTTERING!
THE MICE ARE RIGHT... TOM DOES COLLAPSE ...ON JERRY!
WHAT A BODY SLAM... HE'S SLAMMED HIM WITH HIS BODY!
OH, NO! DISASTER!
I'M NOT SURE IF TOM HAS THE MOUSE IN A PINFALL OR NOT... I CAN'T SEE IF JERRY'S SHOULDERS ARE TOUCHING THE CANVAS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO RAISE YOURSELF A FRACTION, TOM!
A FRACTION IS ALL JERRY NEEDS...
HEY!
I'M OUT!
JERRY'S TURNED THE TABLES... HE HAS TOM IN THE DREADED WHISKER LOCK!
AAAARGH! NO! NO! I SUBMIT! I SUBMIT!
NO CAT CAN SURVIVE THAT ONE!
JERRY MOUSE IS THE WINNER BY A SUBMISSION!
PHEW! I SURE SHAPED THAT CONTEST ... I ONLY WON BY A WHISKER! TE! HE! HE!

Foul ! Dirty play next week when Tom plays football.

TV Terrors
IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME AND GET THE FEET UP! I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING TICH AND QUACKERS ON THE TELLY TONIGHT!
DING!
DONG!
SUFFERING SHOESTRINGS! WHO CAN THAT BE AT THE POOR?
HALLO, HOPPIT - OUR TELLY'S ON THE BLINK, AND WE WERE WONDERING IF...
THE TERRORS!
NO, YOU CAN'T WATCH MY TELLY! I SEE ENOUGH OF YOU LOT DURING THE DAY! HOPPIT!
OW!
WHUMP!
MEAN OLD HOPPIT!
LATER...
EVER HAP THAT FEELING THAT THERE ARE EYES ON YOU?
I KNEW IT! THE TERRORS HAVE SNEAKED IN AGAIN!
OUT!
BAH! HOPPIT MUST HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!
WHOP!
HEH-HEH! THE TERRORS WON'T SNEAK IN AGAIN! THEY'LL NEVER GET PAST THIS LOT!
CLUNK!
CLICK!
I REALLY MUST GET THESE FLOORBOARDS FIXED! THEY'RE BEGINNING TO CREAK!
CREAK!
CREE-EEAK!
YEEIKES! THE BOARDS ARE STARTING TO WARP AS WELL!
CRAA-ACK
SMACK!
ER - CAN WE COME IN, HOPPIT? WE PROMISE TO BE GOOP!
WE'LL EVEN MAKE YOU A CUP OF TEA!
GOLLY! HOPPIT'S HAVING FORTY WINKS! HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE HERE!
ZZZZ!
HE MUST HAVE HAD A TIRING DAY!
NOT LIKE OLD HOPPIT TO MISS TICH AND QUACKERS. THEY'RE HIS FAVOURITES!
ZZ!
HAVE ANOTHER OF HOPPIT'S CHOCS - HE DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT THEM!

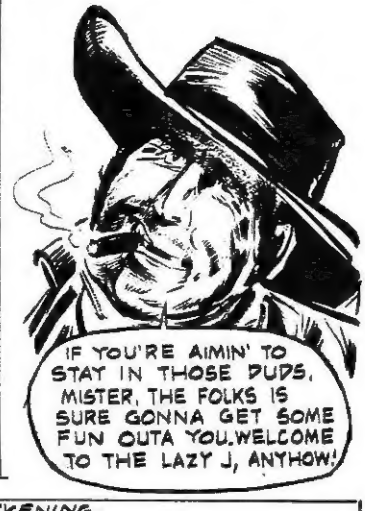
The balloon goes up next week for Hoppit.

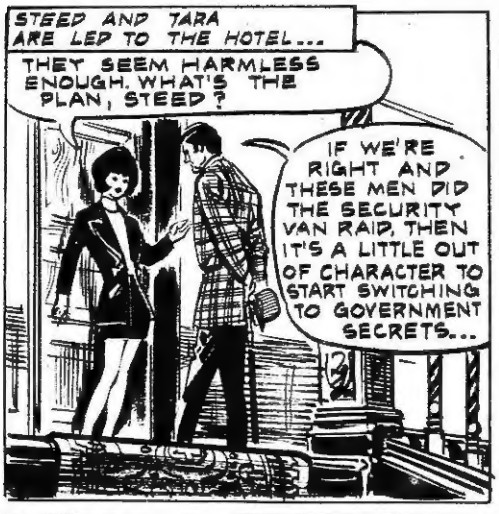
THE AVENGERS

WHEN plans of a secret missile are stolen, Steed and Tara connect the raid with a recent wages snatch by men masquerading as Wild West desperadoes. Their investigations lead them to the 'Lazy J', a western style dude ranch for holidaymakers. But as they approach the place . . .

DON'T FRET NONE, STRANGERS. WE ALWAYS PUT ON A LITTLE SHOW FOR NEWCOMERS.
YES, OF COURSE. WILL YOU TAKE US TO THE 'BIG GUN' AROUND THESE PARTS?

JAKE CODY, OWNER OF THE LAZY J, GREETS THE AVENGERS...
WELL, I'LL BE HOG-TIED! JUST LOOK AT THIS CITY SLICKER ALL DOLLED UP FIT TO BUST!
HOW DO YOU DO? NICE LITTLE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE!




STEED AND TARA ARE LED TO THE HOTEL...
THEY SEEM HARMLESS ENOUGH. WHAT'S THE PLAN, STEED?
IF WE'RE RIGHT AND THESE MEN DID THE SECURITY VAN RAID, THEN IT'S A LITTLE OUT OF CHARACTER TO START SWITCHING TO GOVERNMENT SECRETS...

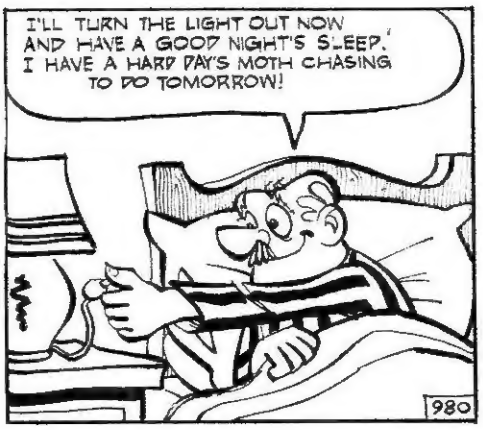
YOU THINK SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT HAVE PUT THEM UP TO IT...?
IT'S A POSSIBILITY. MINGLE WITH THE OTHER GUESTS. SEE IF YOU RECOGNISE ANYONE... LIKE A FOREIGN AGENT DISGUISED AS A HORSE!

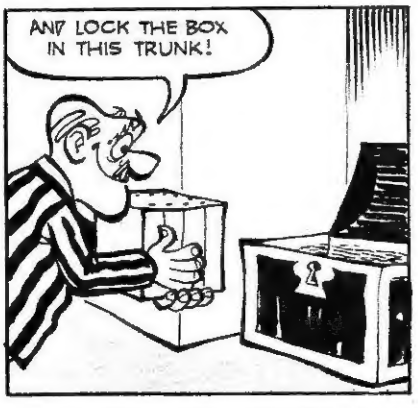
THAT EVENING, STEED DECIDES TO SEARCH FOR THE STOLEN PLANS...
BANK
STAR SALOON
THE BANK SEEMS THE MOST LIKELY PLACE TO KEEP SOMETHING SAFE...

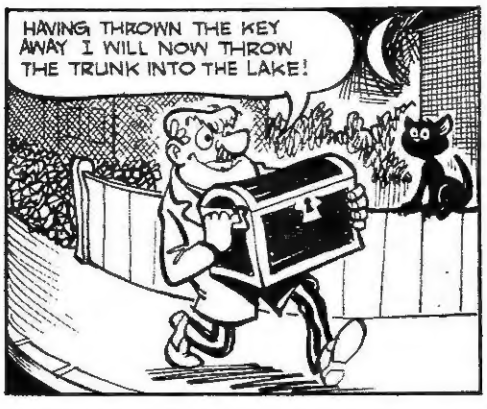
Based on the Thames Television production

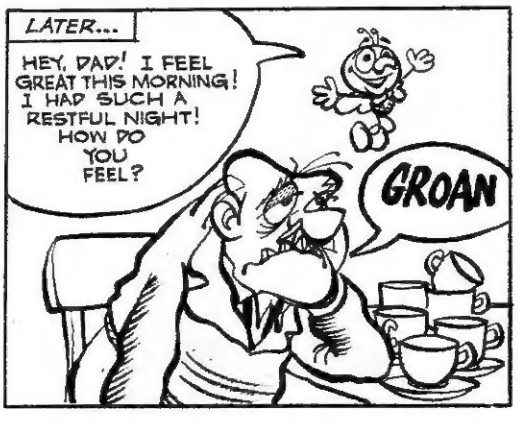
Could this really happen in Britain? There's a surprise next week.

MIGHTY MOTH









See Mighty Moth and Dad at sea next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE has accidentally wandered on to an army testing ground. Shells burst, tanks charge, and Catweazle thinks he is bewitched. He has never seen an army tank before, so he tries to cast a spell to stop it . . .

THE TANK GRINDS TO A HALT...

ADAMCOS, THOU HAST SAVED ME! THE BELLY-CRAWLING MONSTER IS STILL. NOW WILL I TURN IT INTO DUST!

980

...AND THE IRATE TANK COMMANDER APPEARS...

WHAT FOOL GAME ARE YOU PLAYING? WE MIGHT HAVE FLATTENED YOU! THIS IS A PROHIBITED AREA!

FOUL DEMON! 'TIS A MAN-EATER! THEY ARE ALL IN ITS BELLY!

BUT I WILL SAVE THEM! MAYHAP 'TIS WHY KIND SPIRITS HAVE LED ME HERE. HUFF, SNUFF AND DOUBLE-PUFF! ADAMCOS, WHEN I BLOW ON THEE, MAKE MONSTER DISAPPEAR!

WHAT... WHAT...WHAT THE...?

STONE ME! NOW HE'S BLOWING ON ME! THIS FELLER'S CRAZY! GEORGE, CALL UP THE MILITARY POLICE!

THE MILITARY POLICE ARRIVE...

TAKE HIM IN CHARGE AND INFORM THE COLONEL. HE'S OBSTRUCTING US ON MANOEUVRES...

RIGHT, SIR!

OW! OUCH!

ROGUES AND KNAVES! ONLY NORMANS WOULD SO ILL-TREAT A SORCERER...

BEST TAKE IT QUIETLY, CHUM!

SPIRITS, I IMPLORE YE, CONFOUND THESE NORMANS! MAY THEIR WHEELS FLY TO PIECES!

THIS GUY'S A NUT CASE! HE'S CALLIN' ON BLOOMING SPIRITS!

AT THAT MOMENT, QUITE BY ACCIDENT, ONE OF THE TYRES BURSTS...

AI-EE! THE SPIRITS HAVE HEARD ME!

LUVVUS, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WE MUST FIND THAT GUY...HE'S DONE IN OUR JEEP! I DUNNO HOW HE DONE IT, BUT HE DONE IT! CALL OUT THE WHOLE SQUAD... HE MUST BE STILL AROUND SOMEWHERE!

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Another spell next week—and it works!

PINK PANTHER
DANGER MEN WORKING OVERHEAD
280
PUSH
CLONK!
PHEW! YOU SAVED ME FROM A NASTY ACCIDENT! HERE'S A REWARD!
DANGER MEN WORKING OVERHEAD
CRASH!
GOSH! THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK! ACCEPT THIS WITH MY THANKS!
TUG!
CLANG!
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH! PLEASE TAKE THIS!
CRUNCH!
YOUR QUICK ACTION SAVED ME. HERE'S A SMALL TOKEN OF MY GRATITUDE!
BLAM!

© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

Pink Panther builds a rocket next week. What a ' comedown '.

Tich and Quackers

COME ON, QUACKERS! LET'S SPEND OUR POCKET MONEY ON SWEETS!

GOOD IDEA, TICH!

980

YEEIKES! WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE ALL THE SWEETS, RAY?

NOT EVEN A JELLY BABY LEFT!

I'M AFRAID PERCY BOUGHT THE WHOLE STOCK, TICH! EVERY LAST FRUIT DROP!

ALL THAT- JUST TO STOP US HAVING A SWEET!

LATER

THE GRANGE

TELL YOU WHAT, TICH - I'LL SELL YOU A BAR OF TOFFEE FOR TEN BOB!

YEAH!

GRR! THIS IS THE SNEAKIEST TRICK YOU'VE PLAYED YET!

COO! THAT MUST BE WHERE PERCY KEEPS THE GOODIES!

SLURP!

PERCY'S PRIVATE TUCK SHOP.

WE'LL NIP IN, TAKE SOME SWEETS AND LEAVE THE MONEY!

PERCY'S PRIVATE TUCK SHOP.

WE'RE IN LUCK, QUACKERS! THE DOOR ISN'T EVEN LOCKED!

TEEEEK! RUN FOR IT, TICH! THE ROTTER'S GOT A DOG IN THERE!

THE CLOTS! THEY DIDN'T THINK I'D LEAVE THE GOODIES UNGUARDED, DID THEY?

GRR!

KEEP THEM UP IN THAT TREE UNTIL THE SWEETS ARE FINISHED, BRUTUS! THAT'LL BE IN ABOUT-ER- THREE MONTHS!

HELP! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE!

WE CAN'T STAY UP HERE FOR THREE MONTHS, QUACKERS - WE'LL MISS OUR TEA!

LEAD ON!

ER - I THINK THE BRANCH IS BREAKING, TICH!

CRACK!

CREAK!

ER- TH-THINK YOU'RE RIGHT QUACKERS! G-GULP!

SNAP!

YIKES! THERE IT GOES!

HOPE THAT DOG DOESN'T HAVE ITS MOUTH OPEN! G-GULP!

CRASH!

YEOW! LOOK WHERE WE'VE LANDED QUACKERS - IN PERCY'S PRIVATE TUCK SHOP!

WHOOPEE!

CHOCS

LOLLIES

Dear PERCY, WE'RE ONLY TAKING WHAT WE PAY FOR! THE MONEY'S ON THE TABLE! signed T and Q

WE'RE SAFE IN HERE, TOO! THAT BRUTE OF A DOG CAN'T GET NEAR US!

GRR!

SNARL!

HA! HA! LOCKED IN WITH THE LOLLIES! WHAT A LAUGH!

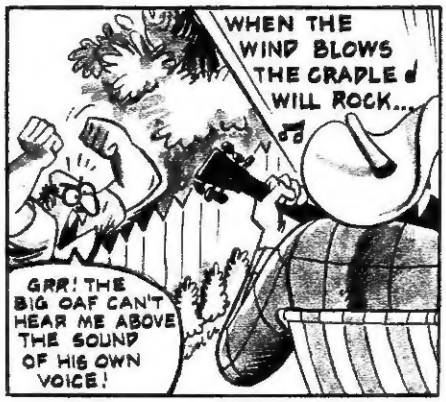
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970
based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

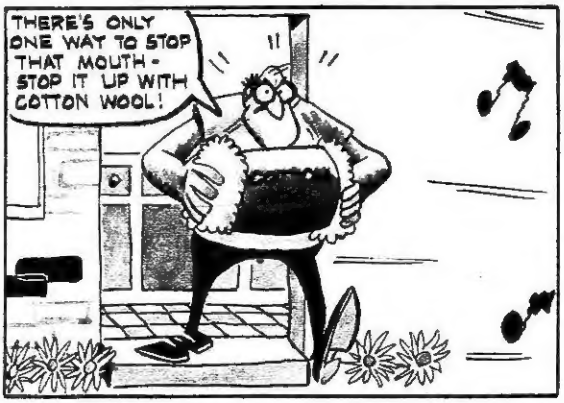
Percy is very ' piggy ' about his piggy bank next week.

TEXAS TED

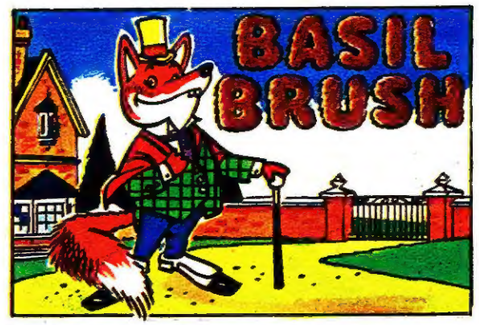
Big hat, big head

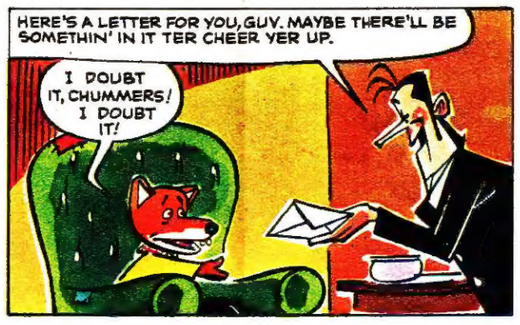
QUIET, BIG MOUTH! I'M TRYING TO SNATCH FORTY WINKS - AND I CERTAINLY WON'T WITH THAT RACKET GOING ON!
!!!
BIG MOUTH? THAT WASN'T VERY NICE, SIR!

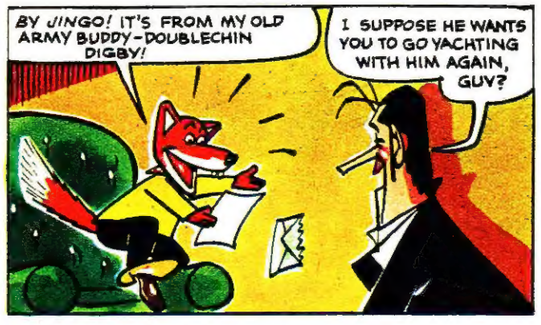


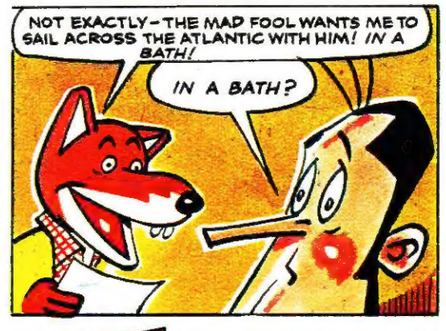


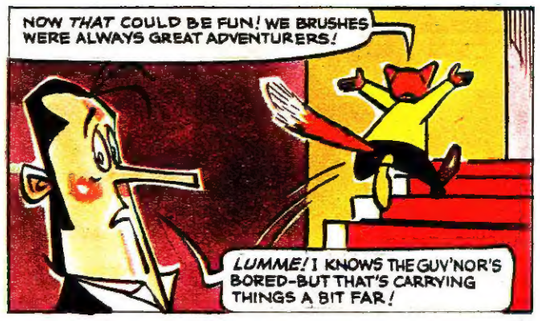
The wild West gets wilder next week when Ted visits a cinema.

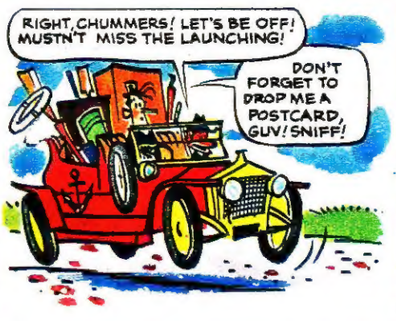


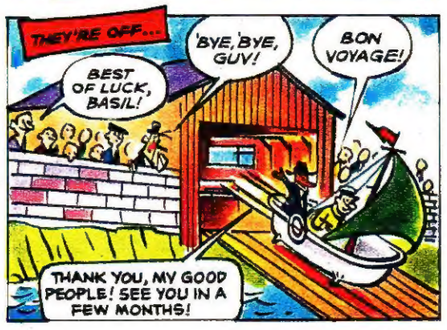


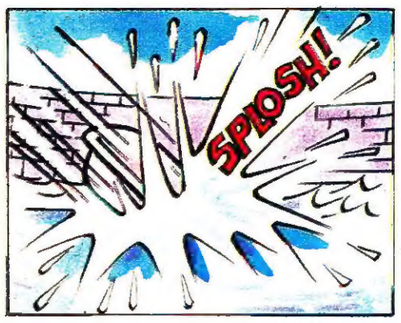


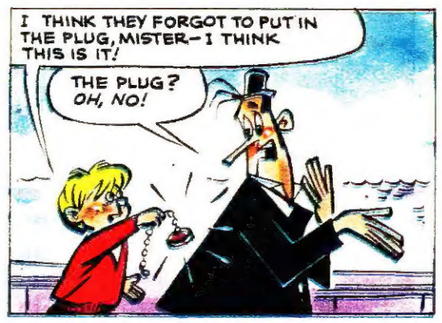


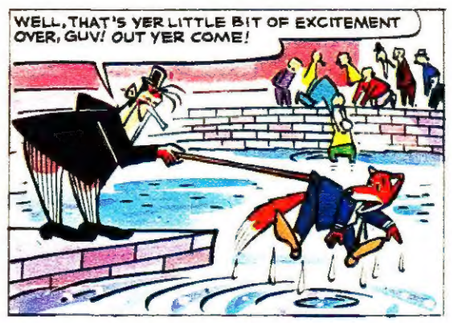

NOW THAT COULD BE FUN! WE BRUSHES WERE ALWAYS GREAT ADVENTURERS!
LUMME! I KNOWS THE GUV'NOR'S BORED–BUT THAT'S CARRYING THINGS A BIT FAR!

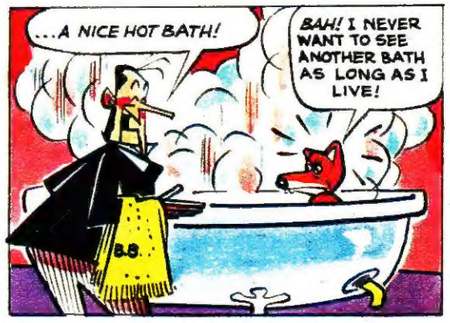










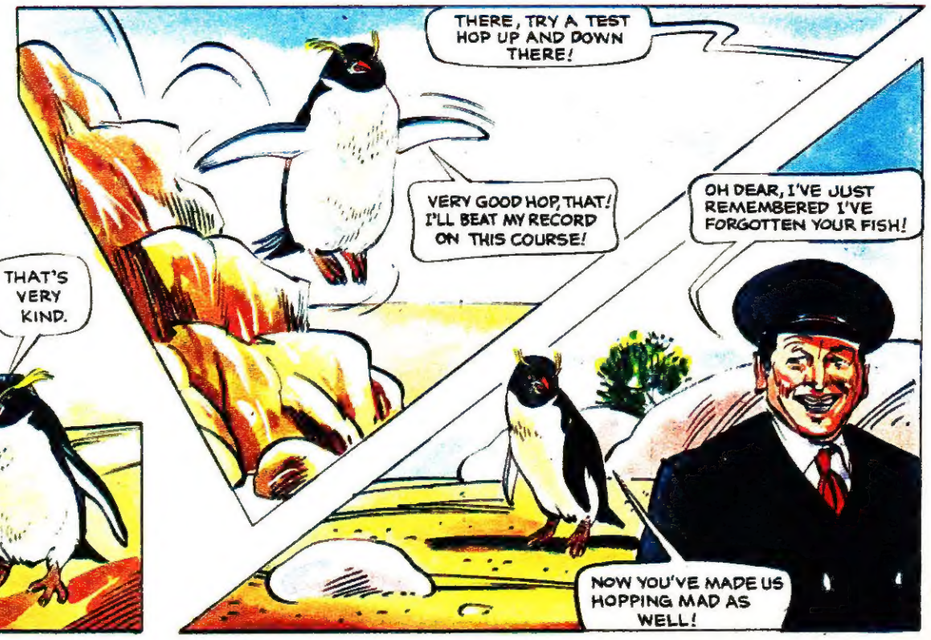


Baggem Brush bags the laughs next week.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

THERE are many different sorts of penguins. The biggest ones are the Emperors and the Kings. But some of the nicest, I think, are the Rock-hoppers.


THERE, TRY A TEST HOP UP AND DOWN THERE!
VERY GOOD HOP, THAT! I'LL BEAT MY RECORD ON THIS COURSE!
OH DEAR, I'VE JUST REMEMBERED I'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR FISH!
NOW YOU'VE MADE US HOPPING MAD AS WELL!

Next week Johnny Morris talks about elephants.

ASTRONUT
MY RICH NEIGHBOURS ARE HAVING A SUPER TIME IN THEIR POOL, ASTRO! AREN'T THEY LUCKY?
980
WELL, THEY'RE NOT AS LUCKY AS YOU IN SOME WAYS, OSCAR... AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T EVERYONE WHO CAN GO WHIZZING THROUGH SPACE ONCE A WEEK!
TRUE!
SALIBA
LATER...
LOOKS LIKE A NICE PEACEFUL PLANET UP AHEAD... LET'S LAND!
AND SO...
HALLO! PLEASED TO MEET YOU... HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SEE AROUND THE PLACE?
WE'D LOVE TO!
IN YOU GET THEN!
OH, MY!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLANET... AND THIS IS A GREAT WAY TO TOUR!
HOP!
A LITTLE LATER...
NOW WE'VE REACHED THE EDGE OF THE GREAT LAKE, I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO, SID!
SO... SID WILL LOOK AFTER YOU... DON'T WORRY!
'BYE!
AT THE FAR SIDE....
WOW! THAT CLIFF MUST BE A HUNDRED FEET HIGH!
IT IS... FRED WILL TAKE YOU FROM HERE!
BYE, SID.... FRED SEEMS LIKE A NICE GUY!
SOMETIME LATER...
WELL, YOU'VE SEEN JUST ABOUT ALL THERE IS TO SEE... WHAT WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO DO NOW?
GO BACK TO THE GREAT LAKE FOR A SWIM!
DO YOU STILL ENVY YOUR RICH NEIGHBOURS, OSCAR?
NOT ANYMORE! WHA-AAAAY!

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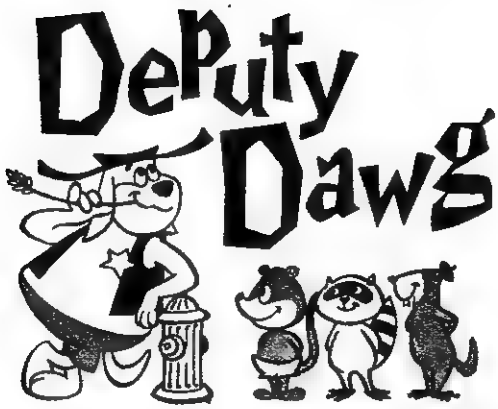
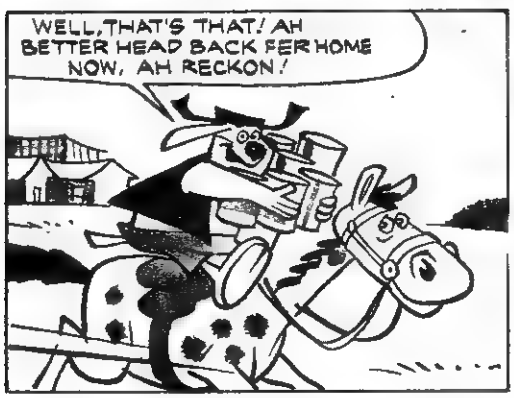
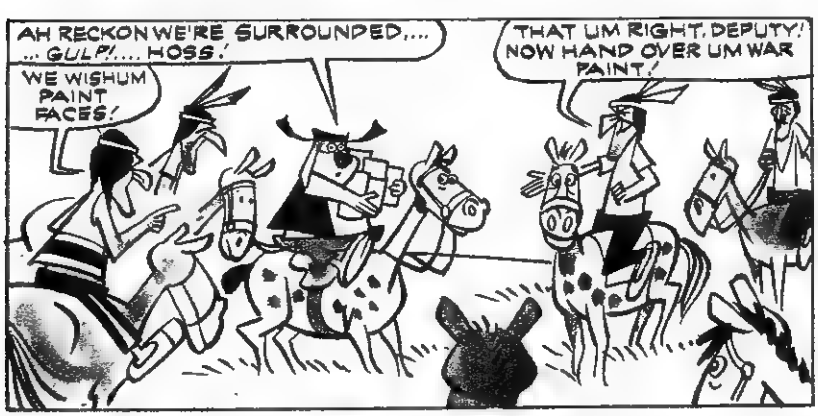
More space laughs next week.

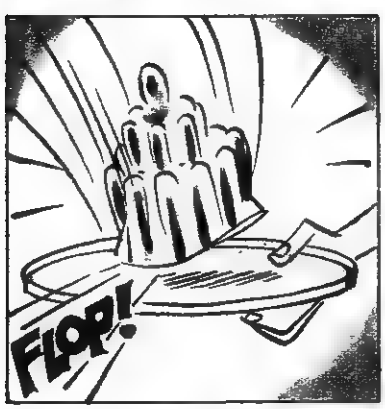
Deputy Dawg





HELP! IT'S THE INJUNS! THEY'RE AFTER MY PAINT! FASTER HOSS!
UM DEPUTY'S PAINT MAKE HEAP FINE WAR PAINT! WHOOP! WHOOP!
AND WE GETTUM IT!





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All square next week in the square-dance.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382/386 Edgware Road, London, W.2.

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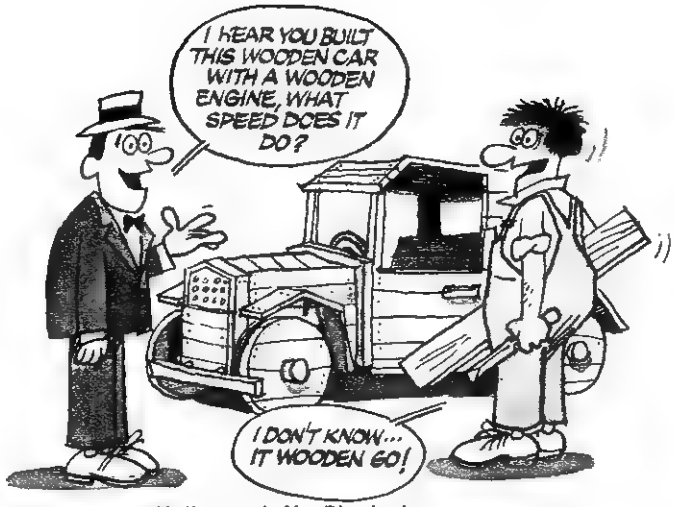
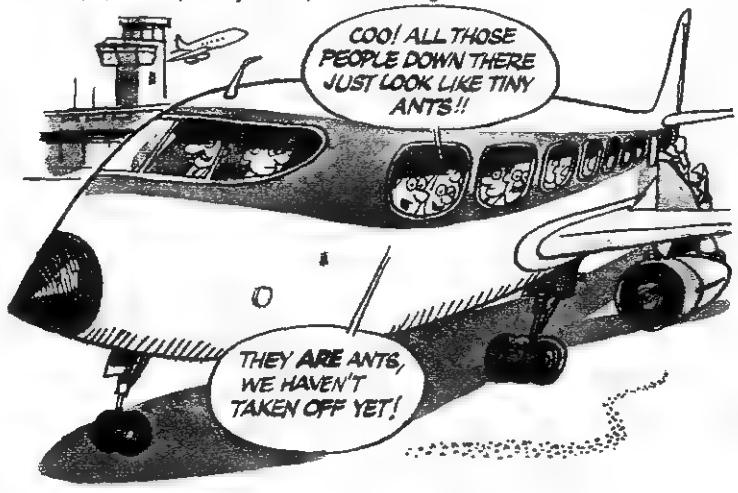


Fiona Hood, Hollywood, Nr. Birmingham.

Tim Duffy, Ballymena, Co. Antrim.



Paul Beales, Sudbury, Suffolk.

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BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
WABBIT HABIT
THAT DWATTED WABBIT HAS BEEN EATING MY CAWWOTS AGAIN... BUT I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT.
ELMER FUDD'S CARROT PATCH
I'LL FILL IN HIS FWONT ENTWANCE WITH THIS BULLDOZER - HA! HA! THAT'LL STOP HIM PESTERING ME!
RUMBLE
BUG'S BUNNY
RACK
SAY, UH... WHAT'S UP, DOC? WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?
I'M FILLING IN THIS HOLE TO STOP THAT WABBIT FROM EATING ALL MY CAWWOTS.
SAY! YOU'RE THAT DWATTED WABBIT! HOW DID YOU GET OUT WHEN I'VE JUST FILLED UP YOUR FWONT ENTWANCE?
THAT'S EASY, DOC! I JUST DUG MYSELF ANOTHER ENTRANCE.
WELL, I'M GOING TO GET WID OF YOU, WABBIT... AND I KNOW JUST THE WAY TO DO IT!
I'LL BWAST YOU WITH MY SHOTGUN!
OH! OH! I'D BETTER SUBMERGE!
BAM BAM BLAST! BOOM BAM!
MUCH LATER...
OH NO! I'VE GONE AND SHOT SO MANY HOLES I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE HE'S HIDING DOWN!
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL FILL ALL THE HOLES WITH DYNAMITE - AND ONE OF THEM IS SURE TO BE HIS. I'LL BWAST HIM TO PIECES!
NOW LET ME SEE - HEY! HEY! JUST WHERE SHOULD I START?...
WHY NOT START WITH LIGHTING THE FUSES? HERE, LET ME HELP YOU!
OH THANK YOU, WABBIT!
WABBIT?? WHY SHOULD THAT WABBIT WANT TO HELP ME WITH MY DYNAMITING?
BOOM
WELL, LET'S FACE IT, DOC - WE RABBITS HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER!
BAM
YOU'RE CWAZY... I'M NOT A WABBIT!
WELL, IN THAT CASE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING BURROWING DOWN THAT HOLE?
I DUNNO - FIRST HE BULLDOZES HIS CARROT PATCH - THEN HE SHOOTS IT UP... FINALLY HE BLOWS IT TO PIECES AND NOW HE'S BLAMING ME FOR IT!
BLAM
BAM

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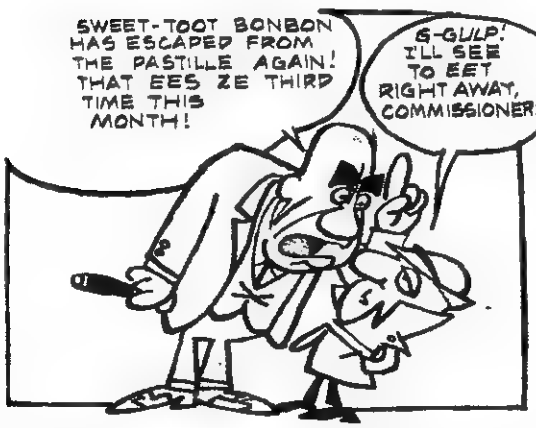
Sylvester tries to be honest next week. Ho !

The INSPECTOR


SWEET-TOOT BONBON HAS ESCAPED FROM THE PASTILLE AGAIN! THAT EES ZE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH!
G-GULP! I'LL SEE TO EET RIGHT AWAY, COMMISSIONER!

SWEET-TOOT BONBON HAS ESCAPED FROM THE PASTILLE AGAIN! THAT EES ZE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH!
G-GULP! I'LL SEE TO EET RIGHT AWAY, INSPECTOR!

SWEET-TOOT IS AS GOOD AS OURS, SERGEANT! HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO RESIST THESE CARAMELS! THEY ARE HIS FAVOURITES!
ZEY ARE NOT BAD AT ALL!

WELL DONE, INSPECTOR: WE SEE YOU HAVE SWEET-TOOT BACK BREAKING ZEE ROCK!
YES, COMMISSIONER! WE ARE SELLING EET AT 10 CENTS A BAG IN AID OF ZE POLICE FUNDS!

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Next week the Inspector passes ' Passepartout ' into the Pastille !

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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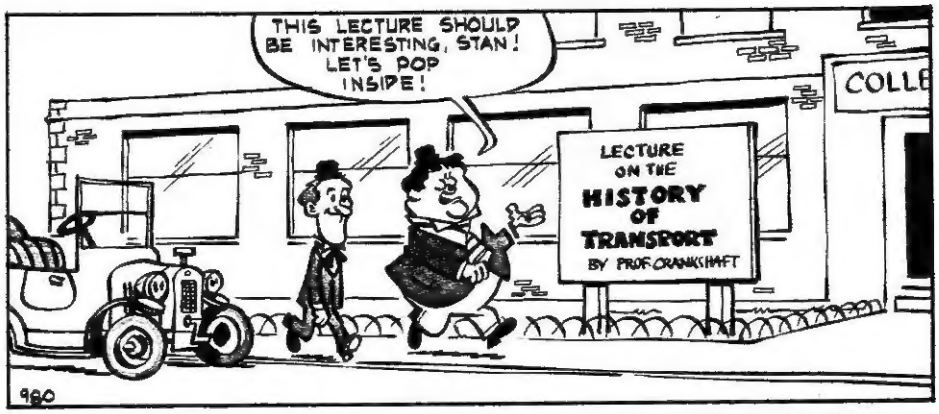
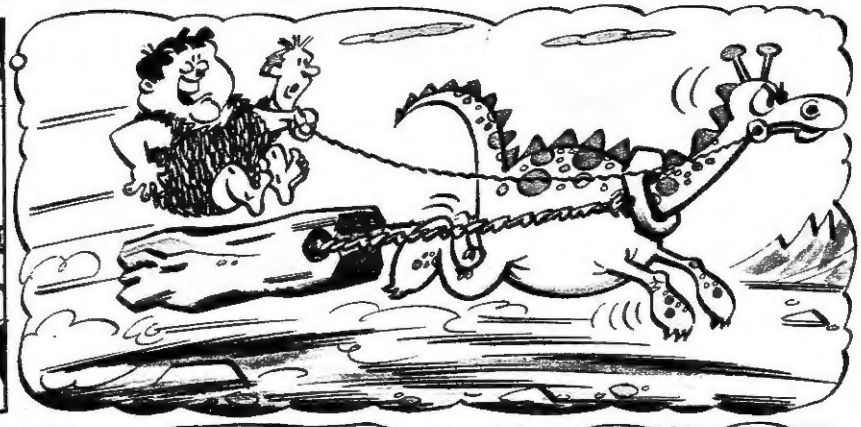
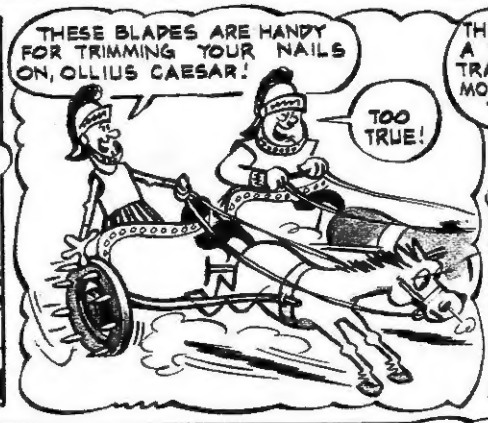
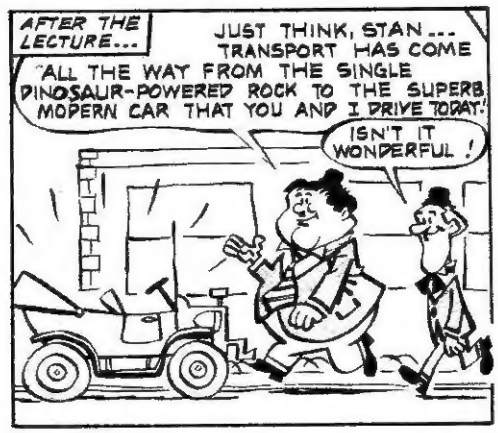
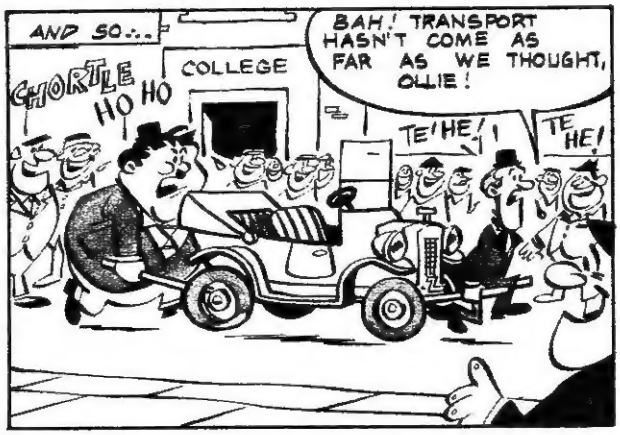

THIS LECTURE SHOULD BE INTERESTING, STAN! LET'S POP INSIDE!
COLLE
LECTURE ON THE HISTORY OF TRANSPORT BY PROF. CRANKSHAFT
980





WE MUST NEVER FORGET OF COURSE THE CLEVER WAY THE AMERICAN INDIANS WOULD TRANSPORT THEIR BABIES... I REFER TO THE BRILLIANT PAPOOSE PACK!
ZZZZZZZ
PAPOOSE PACK MADE BY UM MUM, SAVE US CRAWLING AROUND ON UM TUM!


AFTER THE LECTURE...
JUST THINK, STAN... TRANSPORT HAS COME "ALL THE WAY FROM THE SINGLE DINOSAUR-POWERED ROCK TO THE SUPERB MODERN CAR THAT YOU AND I DRIVE TODAY!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL!



DOCTOR WHO

PROFESSOR Carl Readon has built a brilliant robot, but the fantastic machine has disobeyed all commands and smashed out of the Professor's laboratory. A Superintendent tells Dr. Who that he has called for the services of a marksman . . .

BUT YOU CAN'T SHOOT MY ROBOT! IT'S TAKEN ME YEARS TO PERFECT...
I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR. THAT MACHINE IS OUT OF CONTROL. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT DAMAGE IT WILL DO!
980

I NEVER THOUGHT MY OLD FRIEND WOULD DO THIS!
CALM DOWN, CARL. DON'T YOU SEE... WE NEED TIME TO FIND THE FAULT? EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

PROFESSOR READON IS STILL WORRIED...
WHAT IS DR.WHO UP TO, MISS FRANCIS? HOW CAN HE GAIN TIME BY DESTROYING THE ROBOT?
HE KNOWS EVERY DETAIL OF YOUR MACHINE, PROFESSOR. I THINK HE IS GOING TO TRICK THE POLICE.
MEANWHILE ...
THERE IT IS...
GOOD! OPEN COUNTRY... NO DANGER TO ANYONE!
I WANT YOU TO HIT THE LEFT HAND VISOR...
THAT'LL BE EASY, DOCTOR...
THE GUN FIRES ...
CRACK
IN THE SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE BULLET FLASHES TO THE TARGET, THE ROBOT'S BUILT IN SENSES REACT...
AN IMPENETRABLE FORCE FIELD SURROUNDS THE MACHINE...
V-E-R-I-I-N-G
NEXT MOMENT...
WE'RE HIT! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!
IT'S GONE WRONG! I DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR THE ROBOT'S LASER BEAM ATTACK!

Has Dr. Who failed? See next week.

POPEYE
HOEDOWN SHOWDOWN
I GOTTA LOOK MY BEST COS' I'M TAKIN' OLIVE TO THE HOEDOWN TONIGHT!
DAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
NOW YOU ARE A REAL TAR, JACK! HEH! HEH!
DAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL DOITY TRICK. I OUGHTA KNOCK HIM INTO NEXT WEEK FOR THAT!
BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOTTA DASH HOME AN' CLEAN UP SO'S I CAN TAKE OLIVE TO THE HOEDOWN!
TEN BARS OF SOAP LATER ...
I GUESS THAT'LL HAVE TO DO. I'VE RUN OUTTA TIME AS WELL AS SOAP.
MEANWHILE AT THE HOEDOWN...
I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING POPEYE? IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO MISS A DATE!
HE SURE IS A LOW-DOWN PUNK TO STAND A SWEET GOIL LIKE YOU UP, OLIVE!
OLIVE IS DANCIN' WIT BRUTUS, SO I'LL HAVE TO FIND ME ANOTHER PARTNER!
I'M DANCIN' IF YOU'RE ASKIN'?
MY, THAT MAN HAS A HANDSOME TAN!
JEALOUS
HUH! HIS HIDE'LL BE WELL AND TRULY TANNED WHEN I'M THROUGH WID HIM!
PUSH!
BASH INTO US, WOULD YOU? SAY YOU'RE SORRY OR YOU'LL BE SORRY!
SHUCKS! FOIST HE PINCHES MY GOIL, AND NOW HE WANTS TO PICK A FIGHT! SOMEBODY GIMME STRENGTH!
POPEYE!
THAT'S ALL, FOLKS! KINDLY CLEAR THE FLOOR, PLEASE!
SPINACH! THANKS, OLIVE!
GULP!
IT'S A PLEASURE!
POW!
AFTER THE DANCE...
DAT SURE WAS A HAPPY HOEDOWN, OLIVE!
IT SURE WUZ, POPEYE. IT WAS BETTER AFTER THAT BRUTE OF A BRUTUS DEPARTED.
HOE DOWN
TONIGHT
STILL, IT LOOKS AS IF HE HAD A HOEDOWN— AND THE REST OF THE TOOLS IN THE WINDOW TOO. ARF! ARF!

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What Beehive-iour! The bees swarm in Popeye's car next week.